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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XX.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

A Comic Drama

IN TWO ACTS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:
WM. TAYLOR & CO., 18 Ann-Street.
BALTIMOBE, MD.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Buildings.

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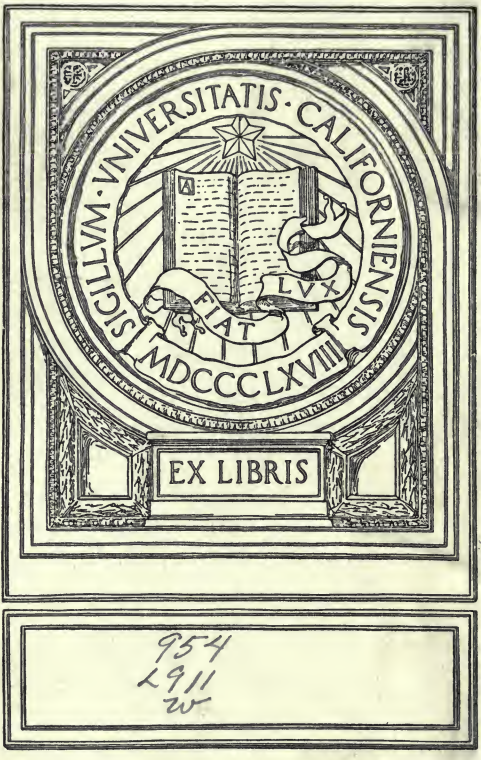
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THE WIDOW'S VOW

A COMIC DRAMA

IN TWO ACTS

BY BARRETT LENNON

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS" possesses in an eminent degree all the characteristics which distinguish the productions of its author—a gentleman as much admired for his powers as a musician and artist, as a scholar and poet.

This drama is replete with such incidents and situations as are required in stage representations, while the dialogue abounds with just sentiments, genuine wit, pure humour, and natural pathos.

The time at which the scene is laid, was a stirring one for the adherents of King James, and many a noble supporter of the pusillanimous monarch not only shed his heart's blood in his cause, on "the banks of the bloody Boyne," but left, as the reward of his fidelity, a condemned name and ruined fortune to his plundered successors.

The bold, loyal, and really Irish, *Gerald Pepper*, is a faithful portrait of the hard-fighting, high-minded, and dare-devil gentleman of the time and nation. His outbreaks of feeling, love of his country, and easily-excited sympathies, offer an excellent contrast to the cold, phlegmatic, cautious, calculating, foreign mercenary, *Major Hans Mansfeldt*. The stratagem by which he recovers his confiscated lands, is well conceived and most humorously carried out. In short, from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain, the interest in "The White Horse of the Peppers" never flags.

The original "*Gerald*"—the lamented POWER—possessed a reputation that would have ensured success to any drama he appeared in; but he had in this instance the aid of an *artiste* in his way, of equal talent—we allude to Mr. Webster, whose *Major Hans Mansfeldt* was as perfect a portraiture, as was Power's of the more prominent *Gerald*, while "little Mrs. Fitz." was all that could be wished in the kind-hearted, ready, faithful, and fascinating *Agatha*. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Shaw, in this and the old country, of *Gerald Pepper*. Both have their excellences, and are, in our opinion, the best living representatives of the owner of "The White Horse of the Peppers."

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, 1837.	*Park*, 1838.
Colonel Chesham	Mr. Perkins.	Mr. Gann.
Major Hans Mansfeldt	" Webster.	" Placide.
Darby Donaghue	" Strickland.	" Chippendale.
Phelim	" King.	" Jones.
Monk	" Gough.	" Bedford.
Portreeve	" Matthews.	" Povey.
Gerald Pepper	" Power.	" Power.
Rafferty	" Bishop.	" King.
Chorus		
Two Supreme Burgesses		
Two Servants		
Magdalene	Miss Cooper.	Miss Cushman.
Agatha	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Mrs. Richardson.

Time of representation, 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Scene lies in Ireland, in the year 1690.

COSTUMES.

COLONEL CHESHAM.—Light blue broad-skirted coat, trimmed with gold lace—yellow cloth breeches, buff sword belt, trimmed with gold lace, black slouch hat, bound with gold, one white feather, high black boots.

MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT.—Same as Chesham, with steel cuirass, brass spurs, straight flaxen wig, yellow gauntlets.

DARBY DONAGHUE.—*First dress:* white serge peasant's jacket, green damask waistcoat, blue apron, brown cloth breeches. *Second dress:* Brown Dutchman's dress, high dirty boots.

PHELIM.—Brown tabbed jacket, blue cloth breeches, high russet boots, drab hat.

MONK.—Friar's grey dress.

PORTREEVE.—Old fashioned brown coat, ditto waistcoat, black breeches, black worsted stockings, yellow cloak.

GERALD PEPPER.—*First dress:* Scarlet broad-skirted coat, trimmed with silver lace and tassels, buff serge trunks, green silk sash, with silver fringe, buff sword belt, trimmed with green ribbon, black slouch hat and feather, bound with silver. *Second dress:* The same as Rafferty.

RAFFERTY.—Old scarlet waistcoat, patched, old woollen jacket, without sleeves, green cloth breeches, torn old hat.

CHORUS.—The same as Rafferty.

TWO SUPREME BURGESSES.—Old-fashioned suits, high boots, three-cornered hats.

TWO SERVANTS.—Old-fashioned liveries.

MAGDALENE.—Dove coloured satin gown, trimmed with white satin, open in front, white satin petticoat.

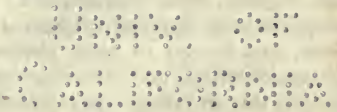
AGATHA.—*First dress:* Orange merino, trimmed with blue. *Second dress:* Chintz bedgown, brown patched petticoat, handkerchief over the head.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*



THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Interior of Ballygarth House.*

MAGDALENE *discovered, seated at a table—lights upon it—employed at needlework—handsome pictures hung round the room, in which an air of ancestral comfort prevails—an oriel window at the back, through which a moonlight view is seen.*

Mag. Vainly I endeavour to wear away the time while Gerald is absent; he never leaves the house that I dread not some fatality may occur either to his home or himself. Oh, what dreadful times are these, when you know not how long a home may be left you.

Enter AGATHA, R.

Aga. The children sleep so soundly, my lady, and Master Gerald is laughing in his dream so; 'tis beautiful to look at him—bless him!

Mag. Yes, the boy sleeps and smiles, while his mother wakes and weeps.

Aga. Oh, my lady dear, don't take on so; indeed, indeed, my lady, you fret too much.

Mag. Oh, Aggy, when I think of those dear children, and know not how soon they may be beggars and outcasts.

Aga. Don't be talking so sadly, my lady, pray don't; I

want to finish the dear boy's mantle, and I came to ask you for more silk for the lining.

Mag. You'll find it in the basket,—make it warm for him, Agatha, there's no knowing how soon he may want it—perhaps at dead of night, we may be driven from our home, and forced to seek shelter beneath some hedge. [*Great shouting and clashing of swords outside.*] Ha! whence this shouting? perchance they are coming now. [*Goes to window and looks out—great uproar and strife outside.*] Heavens! I see Gerald on his white horse, surrounded by a crowd, and other horsemen, too. Their swords flash—Ah! [*Shouts outside—she sinks into a chair.*

Aga. [*Looking out.*] The crowd is dispersing, my lady; my master is quite safe. I see him plainly, he is riding towards the house. [*Magdalene reviving.*] He is safe, my lady—he returns!

Mag. Thank heaven! Thank heaven!

Gerald. [*Outside.*] This way, gentlemen, this way!

Enter Gerald, Colonel Chesham, *and* Hans Mansfeldt. *Magdalene rushes to Gerald's arms. Agatha exits,* R.

Mag. My Gerald! Oh, I have been so terrified.

Ger. My poor Mag—what a timid heart it has!

Mag. What meant that shouting?

Ger. A mere nothing, my love; here are two gentlemen, who demand our courtesy. [*She curtsies with constraint to the Colonel and Hans.*] I will leave you, gentlemen, for a few minutes; we want wine, and my serving varlets are enquiring about the row, instead of minding their business. [*Exit,* R.

Mag. [*Aside.*] These men—armed to the teeth; perhaps the hour is come to drive us from our hearths. [*To Colonel Chesham.*] Oh, tell me truly, sir, what means all this?

Ches. In brief, madam, we are indebted to your husband for our lives. Set upon by a large and armed mob, he gallantly rode amongst them, and by the influence of words, obtained our safety, which our swords must have failed to do. It was the more generous as, I am aware, we are political enemies.

Hans. De reppel rascals vas verra near to vinish uz, inteet.

Ches. [*Aside to Hans.*] Hush! you forget where you speak. [*Aside.*] What a brute he is!

Enter Agatha, R.

Aga. My lady, the dear boy wakes, and cries for you; I cannot pacify him.

Mag. Poor child, heaven help him! Excuse me, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Magdalene and Agatha,* R. S. E.

Ches. Poor lady, she is sore troubled. Did you mark her alarm when we entered? she feared we were come in the execution of a forfeiture.

Hans. And no vondher she was froightened, dis is ver nice ouse to lose; look at de peecture—ver goot; de blate ver goot; mid every ting else goot besize.

[*Looks about in admiration.*

Ches. [*Aside.*] Hang me, if that calculating rascal is not reckoning in his own mind the profits of this generous fellow's ruin. I say, Hans Mansfeldt

Hans. Vell, vat vant you mid me.

Ches. What are you about?

Hans. I tink dis vill be ver noice ting ven Mynheer de Commissioner begin de fish kitchen.

Ches. The confiscation, you mean?

Hans. Ya!

Ches. Major Mansfeldt, it is true the confiscations will be extensive, and perchance the generous fellow who has saved our lives, may be a sufferer; but is it fair thus to anticipate his ruin? I swear, if it chanced to be my fortune to have this man's property allotted to me, I would sooner cut off my sword arm than take it from him, after his conduct of this evening. Now, suppose it were your case to have it given to you, could you accept it?

Hans. Vy, I dink I goot.

Ches. Then I don't envy you your feelings, Major Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vy, now, zee—suppose dis vas gif to me, if I vouldn't haf it, somepody else vould, vitch vould be as all as bad for dis man here, and no petters vor me, and vy shouldn't I getch vat I goot in de fish kitchen, as another.

Ches. I think, sir, you had better keep this to yourself, while you are under this hospitable roof.

Hans. [*Aside, looking round.*] Splot! but I vood like to keep it all mineself.

Enter Gerald, *followed by a* Servant, *bearing a handsome salver, silver claret-jug, and glasses.*

Ger. Now, gentlemen, some wine. Where is my wife?

Enter Magdalene, r. s. e.

Mag. Here, dearest; our Gerald cried, and I went to sooth him. I hope these gentlemen will pardon my absence?

Ches. Madam, name it not.

Hans. Oh, de shoild vil zometimes croi.

Ger. [*To Servants.*] Fill!

[*The Servant pours out wine, and they drink with salutations to each other, all but Hans, who swigs his wine, and has his cup filled twice.*

Hans. Dat glarets is goot!

Ger. That claret, sir, has been in my cellar fifteen years: it is a wine of which the second draught is better than the first.

Hans. I will droi dat.

[*He has his cup filled again, and drinks.*

Ger. And now, gentlemen, as we are all safe and quiet here, may I ask how you became involved in the riot I found you?

Ches. We are engaged, sir, truth to say, in an ungracious duty: it has devolved on me to make some surveys under their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeitures; the peasantry having obtained a knowledge of our purpose, were hanging on our flank all day, and the branches of a pretty stream near a neighbouring town hereabout—

Ger. I know it—Duleek.

Ches. From our ignorance of the winding of the stream, these branches misled us, and so we became separated from our troopers, on perceiving which, the peasantry fell upon us as you saw.

Hans. Ha! the reppel rascals!

Ger. Call them not rebels, nor rascals, sir, I pray you. We differ in opinion, gentlemen, as to who should be king, but it is hard that our successful adversaries should brand with the name of rebellion, what is, in fact, but a too faithful adherance to a worthless monarch.

Ches. I am glad to hear you call him worthless, sir.

Ger. I do so now, because he has deserted the most generous people on the face of the earth, who perilled all in his cause; it is to well known to seek to make it a secret from you, that I was one of his strongest adherents. I fought for him, and so did many of those fellows who attacked you just now; but why did they do so? the man whose property you were on, is popular, sir; these poor fellows are attached to those who have lived and spent their fortunes among them, and it is their ardent natures that urge them to this strong demonstration of opinion.

Hans. Sdrong demonsdration? Ha! dat is a ver noice name for pikes and pall gaderisches.

Ger. I give you my honour, sir, some of those boys are the best-hearted and most good-natured fellows in the world.

Hans. Oh, ver good-natured—Ha! ha!

Ches. I can feel the truth and justice of all you say, and only regret your opinions have been so decided in the cause; for in the political heat of the moment, I will not flatter you by saying your property is very safe.

Ger. I know it, sir; but I would recommend whoever gets it, or any other property, to take it gently, and soften the hardship of the seizure with as much of charity as he can. In short, to do it like a gentleman, for our people are fond of the landlords who have used them well, and will not be easily reconciled to plunder.

Hans. Plonther! dat is a hard vort!

Ger. It is not the less plunder, sir, because it has the sanction of the law of the strongest.

Hans. Dat is anoder of your sdrong opinions.

Ger. We had better say no more on the subject, sir. In a couple of centuries, our posterity will judge more calmly than we can.

Hans. [*Aside.*] I hope my bosderity vil have zomeding bedder to old dan sdrong opinions.

Ches. However we may differ, sir, on such matters, there can be but one opinion of your generous conduct in our rescue.

Ger. You, sir, are a soldier and a gentleman, and would have done the same by me.

Ches. I would, sir, and will, if it should ever be in my

power to befriend you. I am Colonel Chesham, of the King's Dragoons; may I ask the name of our generous protector?

Ger. It might only give you pain to hear it associated some day with ruin; therefore, ask it not, I pray you.

Enter Servant, L., *with a letter.*

Ser. A messenger, sir, who has ridden hard, desired me bear you this letter with all haste.

Ger. See that messenger well taken care of. [*Exit Servant,* R.] Excuse me, gentlemen. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the seal of my friend, Lawyer Dillon. A lawyer's letter I have a special horror of, particularly in troublesome times.

[*Reads and seems disturbed—Magdalene approaches him.*

Mag. Gerald, you seem disturbed?

Ger. No, dearest, no; our guests will feel neglected, Magdalene. [*Magdalene leaves and approaches the Colonel and Hans—Gerald continues reading, and his emotion increases.*

Ches. Madam, I have to ask pardon for the sudden interruption and uneasiness we have caused you. I hope you forgive us?

Mag. Sir, I should rather crave your pardon, if my welcome was chilled by an alarm, at which, in these times, you cannot wonder. [*Gerald finishes reading the letter.*

Ches. And now, madam, in bidding you farewell—

Ger. You are not going to-night, Colonel; will not the morning serve?

Ches. I expect some important dispatches await me on the road to Dublin, and thither we must journey at once, sir; if you will do us the additional favour to put us in the way.

Ger. A faithful servant of mine shall conduct you, and his presence will secure you from further molestation; but before you go, Colonel, another cup of wine—the stirrup cup, as you call it, or, as we say in Ireland, the *Deoch an Dorris*—the drink at the door.

Ches. I'll fill to a toast, sir. [*Fills his cup, and addresses Magalene.*] Lady, may your husband ever find in his adversaries, the generous courtesy he has shown to us.

[*Magdalene curtsies.*

Ger. Thanks, Colonel—Good speed to you.

[*Drinks—Hans drinks without any demonstration of politeness.*

Ches. And now, boot and saddle, Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. [*With suppressed surprise.*] Mansfeldt!

Hans. You zeem zurprise at dat name.

Ger. Why! 'tis rather an odd name, sir, that's all.

Hans. Hegh!

Ger. Colonel, your hand. [*They clasp hands.*] In times like these, it is well, when the hand of a soldier is the hand of a gentleman. Farewell!

[*Exit Colonel Chesham and Hans—the Colonel and Gerald exchanging salutation, and Hans retiring without acknowledging Gerald's bow.—Magdalene, as Gerald looks after Hans, takes his hand on the other side—Gerald looks round.*

Ger. Well, dearest.

Mag. That letter, Gerald, bears bad news.

Ger. [*Taking her tenderly in his arms.*] Mag, my girl, 'tis the first time I ever wished to contradict you.

Mag. Oh, Gerald—how kindly you tell of ruin.

Ger. You have said the word—Magdalene, I'm a ruined man. This letter from Dillon tells me, that house and all—ay, every acre I possessed, is forfeited. And who do you think has got old Ballygrath, the seat of my fathers for five hundred years? Why, that Dutch boor who has just left us.

Mag. What! he? Then heaven help us!

Ger. Singular chance that I should have saved the life of my despoiler, and that my own threshold should have proved the shelter of my direst foe.

Mag. Think you he knew it?

Ger. I'll swear he didn't; for, if he did, he's just the gentleman who would have turned me out of my own house with very little ceremony. No, Dillon sent me the intelligence by express, and the Dutchman manifestly knows not the fortune that awaits him. Magdalene, a thought occurs to me—the Colonel said he expected the arrival of important dispatches from Dublin; as sure as fate, they are the decrees of the Commissioners allotting the lands—I must away to Swords.

Mag Oh, Gerald! leave me not here.

Ger. No, my girl, Phelim shall conduct you and the children to the Priory of Tristernah, which will shelter you for the present. Do you think I would leave you here to be insulted, perhaps, in your own home?

Mag. Our home no more—Oh, bitter thought.

Ger. Mag, my girl, do not despond thus, though I am an outlaw.

Mag. What a fearful sound has that word, though I know not quite its meaning.

Ger. Why, my dear, being out of the law is rather worse than being in of it; so it must be the devil intirely. But don't despair—I won't give up my dirty acres, Mag, quite so easy as they think.

Mag. You would not be so mad as to resist them?

Ger. Not by force, Mag, but by stratagem. By good luck, that Dutchman neither knows my name, nor the name of my estate. Now I'll be off to Swords, and prepare a plan of defence against him, that I hope may bother the Dutchman, my girl.

Mag. But if it fail—our home and country are lost to us.

Ger. Well, even then, our plate and jewels will furnish means to bear us to France, and there this sword, which first I drew as a volunteer in the cause of my country, must serve me for a profession in a foreign land—but even there, though absent from Ireland, we shall be amongst our countrymen. Many an Irish refugee is there; for the lily of France gives glorious shelter to the exiles from the land of the Shamrock. [*Exeunt*, R.

Scene II.—*Another Room in Ballygarth House.*

Enter Agatha *and* Phelim, L.

Aga. You must order the orses immediately, Phelim—I must go to the convent directly.

Phe. You going to a convent, Aggy? you!

Aga. Yes. [*Sighing.*] I'm going, Phelim.

Phe. Well, I never could have thought of your going to a convent.

Aga. Why, Phelim, these are such bad times, that no young man can think of marrying now—a girl may as well go to a convent as not.

Phe. Then you are determined on a convent.

Aga. Why, I'm going only on trial at first; my lady is going—and so I am to follow her.

Phe. Then you are not going directly.

Aga. Not directly.

Phe. Oh!

Aga. I would, though, only our master bid me go to Swords first—the moment I'm done there, I'll go to a nunnery; it's the safest place in these times for a young woman who has no one to protect her.

Phe. Oh, Aggy, if you'd only give me the right to protect you.

[*Attempts to take her round the waist—she runs away.*

Aga. Well, I never saw the like o' that—So, sir, because I say a word about protection, *you* make up to me, as if there wasn't Mick Mullohawn, and Dennis Delany, and Peter Purcell, and Roger O'Rafferty.

Phe. That rake Rafferty, whom you never knew till last week.

Aga. Well, I'll know more of him before long.

Phe. Why talk thus of the acquaintances of yesterday to me, who have known you from childhood. Can you forget how we have run in the wild glen, and plucked wild flowers together? Oh, Aggy—I love you now as dearly as I loved you then.

DUET.

Phe. Oh, don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully strayed,
Where wreaths of wild flowers so often I've made,
Thy tresses so brightly adorning?

Both. Oh, light of heart and foot were then
The happy children of the glen;
The cares that shade the brows of men,
Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Aga. Oh, who can forget the young innocent hours
We have passed in the shade of our home's happy bowers,
When the treasure we sought for was only wild flowers,
And we thought ourselves rich when we found them.

Both. Oh, where's the tie that friends e'er knew
So free from stain, so firm, so true,
As links that with the wild flow'rs grew,
And in sweet fetters bound them. [*Exeunt*, R.

Scene III.—*The Village of Swords.—Round Tower and Cathedral in the distance—Stone Cross in the middle of the street—a Public House,* L. S. E., *the sign of the* "Pig and Whistle."

Darby Donaghue, *the Landlord, serving the Peasants with drink—the* Portreeve *and a couple of* Burgesses *in consultation at the Stone Cross—they come forward when the Curtain rises, and Darby Donaghue joins them.*

Port. I tell you, fellow-townsmen, something must be done for the honour of the country. What do you say? [*The Villagers shout faintly.*] Right, boys, right! I see your spirit is up

Dar. I tell you, Mister Portreeve, there is no use in trying to get up a skrimmage. Just tell the boys to be quiet, and when they've sold their pigs, spend their money like dacent men, in getting drunk at the Pig and Whistle.

Port. Darby Donaghue, I think you have been setting them the example yourself, or you would not presume to to address me in that manner. Remember, I am the Portreeve of this borough.

Dar. So you want to come over me with the grandeur, eh! If you're Portreeve, I am landlord of the Pig and Whistle.

Port. Well, whistle for your pig, sir, but don't presume to interfere with my authority. Countrymen—the country never can get on unless we make a stand.

Dar. That's a queer way of getting on, and if that's your plan, why didn't you act upon it the other day at the battle; it's rather late to make a stand now, and by the same token, I did not see you in the field. Where were you then? Where were you at the skrimmage of Skerries?—the rising of Balrothery, and the fight of Feltrum?—Eh!

Port. I and the Burgesses in Council assembled, were engaged in taking measures for your safety.

Dar. And no man fitter to do that same, seeing that you are a tailor; but take my advice, and have nothing to do with any measures but your own parchment ones.

Port. Darby Donaghue, you forget yourself. Fellow-countrymen, hear me—here are some resolutions I have

prepared. [*Displays a long paper—the Villagers shout—strutting about consequentially.*] There, Darby Donaghue—they will support their Portreeve!

Dar. Do you think it's for you they are shouting—Cock you up, indeed! No, 'tis for Master Gerald Pepper.

[*Villagers shout.*

Enter GERALD, PHELIM, *and* AGATHA.

Ger. Well, boys, I'm glad to see you—What are you doing here, Mister Portreeve?

Port. Here, Master Pepper, are some resolutions I have prepared.

Ger. Worthy Portreeve, take my advice, and keep all your resolution for yourself, for I assure you, you'll want it; [*To Villagers.*] and you, boys, be as quiet as mice, for I can tell you, there's a cat abroad with mighty long claws, that will play old scratch with you if you stir.

Port. Master Pepper, these fellows are full of spirit.

Ger. Which Darby Donaghue can account for; eh, Darby? Worthy Portreeve, the spirit which men get in a public house is poor stuff—no offence to you, Darby, at the same time.

Port. But I have yet to notice our rights and privileges, our tenures—our—and so on.

Dar. It's easy for you, a tailor, to say, *sew on.*

Port. Master Pepper, must we forfeit our honour?

Ger. All I can tell you is, sir, that they are forfeiting our property as fast as they can.

Port. Our property!

Ger. I am sorry to say, I know it to my cost, for they have not left me an acre. [*Villagers express sorrow.*] Now, what do you say to that?

Port. [*Looking at the Burgesses dolefully.*] We'll retire, and consider the subject.

[*Exeunt Portreeve and Burgesses,* L.

Ger. He's gone, and he's no loss, for he'll never want a goose as long as he's alive himself. Now, boys, listen to me!

Vil. We will, Master Gerald: you were always our friend.

Ger. And am still, boys, and I tell you, keep quiet. I have told you that all my lands are forfeited.

Omnes. Shame! shame!

Ger. Now, boys, that's not right! at least, I think so. For, upon my word, I think I could take care of my own property as well as another, boys.

Dar. And a good landlord you were always.

Ger. And a foreign stranger amongst you wouldn't be natural.

Omnes. No! no!

Ger. Well, now listen to me. There's a big blackguard, with a long sword by his side, coming down here to take my property from me; but, before he can take it, you know he must find it, do you perceive?

Dar. Not all on't.

Ger. You see, boys, this fellow who's coming down, doesn't know my place any more than the man in Jericho, and of course, he must ask for it to find it. Now, spread far and wide over the barony, that this marauder is coming, and you and all your friends must remember, that any stranger asking the way to Ballygarth, must get for answer, that nobody knows such a place.

Dar. That's elegant!

Ger. None of you know the way, boys, do you?

Omnes. Not one!

Ger. I knew you wouldn't—you never took a run with the dogs over my green hills, nor you never got a glass of whiskey from the kind Misthress, nor you never got a warm seat by my kitchen fire! You don't know such a place as Ballygarth, boys?

Omnes. Hurra! hurra!

Ger. I see you're up to it! and you, Darby Donaghue, if any one asks for my name, give him your own, say—"Dunna who." And if he asks you for a guide—for you know he must come to the Pig and Whistle—recommend him me.

Dar. You, Master Gerald?

Ger. Yes.—I'll put myself into the shape of a bog-trotter; and if I don't lead him a dance that will astonish him, may I be pickled for fasting fare, and mashed up with bad potatoes. And now, boys, some of you must lend me your clothes.

1*st Vil.* I will, sir!

Ger. Tut, man! you're too much of a gentleman.

2d Vil. I will, sir!

Ger. Pho! You're another flower of the flock; but if there's a wild bird amongst ye, whose feathers are ruffled a bit, he'll oblige me to shake down his plumage here, and I'll give him gold for it.

Raff. [*Very ragged.*] Here, Master Gerald!

Ger. You're the posy! the wild and picturesque flower fit to bloom in a bog—what's your name?

Raf. Rafferty!

Ger. A capital name! I wouldn't ask a better. Rafferty, you must sell me your clothes—I'll give you a guinea for every button you have on them, and that won't be much. I couldn't afford to pay you at the same rate for the skewers; now into the house with you, and take a tender adieu of your finery, for it's the last you'll see of it—away with you. [*Rafferty enters house.*] Darby, do you follow him, and when the duds are off, shake them out of the window, for though I have bought the property, I don't want the tenantry with it. [*Darby enters house.*] Phelim, is your lady safely bestowed?

Phe. She is, sir; safe in the priory.

Ger. I say, boys, I wish this Dutchman to see you merry. Here's a girl—[*To Agatha,*] will dance any two of you down. [*Villagers seem disinclined.*] What, not dance? they must be sad days in Ireland when a jig is refused; but, Aggy, though they won't dance with you, they'll be glad to hear you sing some sweet song of your own land. That is left us, at all events—for let our foes strip us of what they may, they can never rob us of our native music.

[*Exit into house,* L. S. E.

SONG.—Agatha.

Oh, native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls;
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in memory's thralls;
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad, or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand.
Oh, who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land.

[*The last three lines repeated in Chorus.*

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,

The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
All, all, are touched by thy power divine.
The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless,
The mother, taught by nature's hand.
Her child, when weeping,
Will lull to sleeping,
With some sweet song of her native land.

[*Chorus as before.*

[*Hans Mansfeldt shouts without,* L. U. E.

Phe. Here's the Dutchman, Darby! Darby! [*Goes to house and calls out.*] Darby Donaghue!

Enter Darby *from house,* L. S. E.

Dar. Here, your honour, here!

Phe. Run and take his horse! [*Exit Darby,* L. U. E.

Hans. [*Without.*] Ouse! ouse!

Darby. [*Without,* L. U. E.] This way, your honour, this way!

Enter Hans *and* Darby, L. U. E.

[*Bowing him in.*] Your servant, sir. What's your will?

Hans. Zome drink vor myself voorst. [*Exit Darby into house.*] Donderskind! vaut a bad roats, and vaut a back o' plockheads all dis beople's! Nopoty knows notin! I dink I have de name roight. [*Takes out a piece of folded parchment, and reads.*] Ya! Ballagarde! Mynheer Bebber. [*Puts up parchment.*] Vell! dis is some goot for to voight for. Ven you vins a vield o' pattle in oder gountry, it is notin but to kill von anoder dis day, vor to voight again to-mawrow; but in Irelandt, ven you vins the vields o' pattle, you vins de vields demselfs. Ha! dat is goot! I like to voight in Irelant! Ya! and I dink de people's demselfs likes to voight too!

Re-enter Darby *from house, with a tankard, which* Hans *drinks from.*

Ya, dat is goot! Wasn't I dursty! [*Hands back the tankard, empty.*]

Dar. [*Looking into it.*] 'Pon my word you wor, sur.

Hans. Mine vriend, do you know von blace somevere bout here call Ballagarde?

Dar. Ball—ball—what, sir?

Hans. Ballagarde!

Dar. Indeed, not one o'me knows the place, sir.

Hans. Ha! plockhead, loike the rest. Ax all dese beople here about dat place.

Dar. Come here, you chaps. [*Villagers advance.*] Do you know such a place as Bunna—Bunna—Breena, is it, sir?

Hans. No, Ballagarde! [*Villagers shake their heads*

Phe. Not exactly!

Raf. May be 'twould be Bunratty, your honour would want?

Hans. No, Bun tiefel!

Dar. I don't know that place either, your honour.

Hans. Splut! do you know who you are yourzelf?

Dar. Donaghue!

Hans. Tiefel! he dunna who! Ha, ha! Is dere noboty to shew me mine roat?

Dar. There is a boy in the house, drinking, who knows the country well.

Hans. Gall him to me! Gall him! Gall the poy!

Dar. [*Calling.*] Here, Rafferty! Rafferty!

Ger. [*Without.*] Here I am, your sowl! [*Sings.*

Enter GERALD, *disguised as a ragged, red-haired peasant, from house,* L. S. E.

Hans. You said dis vas a poy!

Ger. Well, I'm not a girl, am I?

Hans. Are you de kite?

Ger. [*Looking at his rags.*] A kite? Faith, you might fly me, I dare say, with a strong string and a high wind.

Hans. Do you know de fay?

Ger. Know the way—the way to fly is it?

Hans. No, the way to Ballagarde?

Ger. To be sure I do—where is it?

Hans. Vere! I vant you to dell me dat.

Ger. Well, describe the thing to me, and I'll imagine it immediately.

Hans. Imashin! splut! you no kite if you not know.

Ger. You're a stupid man: that's not the way we do things here at all. You see I'm a bard.

Hans. A bart, vat is dat?

Ger. I'm a poet!

Hans. Ah, boor man! I bity you.

Ger. Pity, did you say pity? is it pity me, that is, the bard of Green Erin. Whoo! thank you for nothing! keep your pity to curl your hair! I wouldn't exchange places wid you, I can tell you, wherever 'tis your're going.

Hans. I vant to go to Ballagarde.

Ger. Oh, I think I know where you mane now; who lives in it?

Hans. Von Bepper!

Ger. Pepper? Phew! by dad, you might sarch half the counthry, and not find out the right man you want; for them Peppers is as thick as rabbits in the back of a ditch—the counthry is over run wid them!

Hans. Indeed!

Ger. Sure there's no end to them. There's not names enough in the alphabet for them, so we're obleeged to invint names to circumscribe them. There is a dark wicked thief that is called Black Pepper—and a whey-faced blackguard that is called White Pepper—and a bull-headed vagabone, with a carrotty wig, we call Red Pepper—and a fine sthrapping fellow, the full of a door, that we call Whole Pepper—and a dawnshee craythur, about as high as my knee, we call Ground Pepper, and a poor cripple among them, that limps as he goes, we call Pepper-corn—and he has a spiteful little wife, that we call "Ginger"—and I think that's a high saisoned family for you—They're a perfect cruet-stand in themselves.

Hans. Vat a family!

Ger. Now, which of them is it you want?—Black Pepper, White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Pepper-Corn, or Little Ginger?

Hans. Splut! I don't know—but Ballagarde is de blace.

Ger. Arrah, then! where is it at all—Darby, would it be the castle, I wondher?

Hans. Ha! to be zure—de gastle, dat is de blace.—[*Aside.*] I vill dry de gastle vurst, however.

Ger. Oh, then I'll bring you there straight: will you start now?

Hans. Nien!

Ger. At nine—that will be rather late.

Hans. I zay no—

Ger. But I say yes!

Hans. Splut! I say *nien* in my language, dat is no.

Ger. Oh, nine is *no*—in Dutch.

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Then I suppose eighteen means *yis*—for we logicians say, two neggitations makes a confirmation.

Hans. Ah, dat is boetry. I don't oonderstand boetry. [*To Darby.*] I vant zomeding vor mine dinner.

Ger. Well, if you don't undherstand rhyme, you're up to rayson, I see, by axin for your dinner; so get a snap o'something at wanst, for we have no time to lose. [*Hans enters the house,* L. U. E., *with Darby.—Looking about.*] Aggy! Phelim, where is Aggy?

Phe. She is gone to the Priory, sir.

Ger. Then you must go after her, for I've work for her to do; and you, too, Phelim. First you must lead Donaghue and a party of fellows to the bog, near the Snipe's Shallow, where they must remain concealed until I shall join them. Then proceed to the Priory, conduct your mistress to Ballygarth, and let Aggy dress herself up as an old crone, and go off to the old ruined house, where she must wait for me: get a couple of pigs about the place, and a sheaf of straw by way of a feather bed—a blanket—a three-legged stool—a salt herring, and a few potatoes. Be off, now. [*Phelim is going.*] I say, Phelim, she may as well have a bottle of whiskey too, [*Exit Phelim,* R.] for I suspect that poor devil of a Dutchman will want something to refresh him, and I don't mean to kill him entirely. And now my plans are ripening into execution. [*Looks down at dress.*] What a figure I cut, to be sure! My own dogs would hunt me from my door. Gerald Pepper, is it worthy of an Irish gentleman, and the descendant of an old family, to make a mummer of himself, and play off as many tricks as a fox! But why does the fox play tricks? Because he's hunted! and so am I—the oppressed and the pursued alike are driven to stratagem to escape destruction.

Enter HANS *and* DARBY *from the house,* L. S. E.

Hans. You are sure, now, dis kite know de vay.

Dar. Oh, he knows the whole country round. [*Exit.*

Ger. Aye, and square, too—and thriangular into the bargain. And if you'd want any sporting—I'm the fellow to show it you—hunting, shooting, fishing, coortin, fighting, or marryin', which is much the same thing; and I can write songs for you, and sing them too; and if you should be killed, it's myself could put an iligant epithet over you. Whoo! I'm the boy for every thing.

SONG.

Whoo! I'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing I was ever afraid,
I'm a gintleman born, and I scorn a trade,
And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something—this truth they instill,
That pride makes us fall, all against our will,
For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy until
I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know every place of curosity,
From Ballinafad unto Tander-a-gee,
And if you're for sport come along wid me

I'll lade you sportin' round about,
We've wild-ducks, and widgeon, and snipe, and throut,
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And if they're not at home then I'm sure they're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you've nothing to do but to find your way,
If your hurry's not great, and you've time to delay,
You can go the short cut—that's the longest way

And I'll show you good drinking too,
I know the place where the whiskey grew,
A bottle is good, when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one—but I doat on two!

Truth is scarce when liars is near,
But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear
And rint it is scarce four times a year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when we're cowld,
And the girls know that bashfulness makes us grow bowld,
We grow young when we like, but we never grow owld.

And the sivin small sinses grow natural here,
For praties has eyes and can see quite clear,
And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,
And the corn fields is list'nin' with all their ears.

But along with sivin sinsis we have one more,
Of which I forgot to tell you before,
It is NONSENSE, spontaneously gracing our shore,
And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Snipe's Shallow—a low, sedgy, plashy foreground, in the distance an extensive range of bog, small turf clamps heaped in rows along the surface of the bog. A group of men crouching under tall flaggers and bullrushes.*

PHELIM *and* DARBY DONAGHUE *looking out*, L. U. E.

Dar. Now, boys, be on the watch, and while you lie down in the rushes and keep yourselves as snug and as secret as a snipe in the sedge, have a good look-out.

1*st Pea.* But what's all this for?

Dar. Because the master may want our help, no knowing when, and we must hang on his path, and be ready when I give the signal. He is coming, and is not far off either.

1*st Pea.* But I don't understand about this hide and seek with the villain that comes to rob him of his land. I think the way to settle the business would be to kill him at once. I'd do it, and not think much of it either.

Dar. Master Gerald won't hear of that: he charged me beyond all things to save the soldier from bodily harm, and only to frighten him.

1*st Pea.* The master is too soft-hearted. I wish I had my will of this outlandish robber. [*Looks at his gun.*

Dar. Dennis, I'm afraid to trust you, a gun in the hand of a dark-tempered man is dangerous. [*Takes gun from Dennis. Shout outside*, L. U. E.] Down—down—down—lie low. [*Men conceal themselves—Darby looks out—shouts outside*, L. U. E.] 'Tis the masther and the Dutchman. Ha,

ha, ha! He has brought him over the soft bog. The Dutchman's horse is stuck fast, down he goes, deeper and deeper. Spur away, soldier, your horse will not get out of that without more help than you can give. Ha, ha! The Dutchman is off, he is up to his knees in the slough, and flounders like a new caught salmon.

[*Shout outside,* L. U. E. *Darby answers the shout and exit.*

Hans. [*Outside.*] Der tiefel! der tiefel!

Ger. Aisy! aisy! you're out now; come along, your honour.

Enter Gerald *and* Hans, L. U. E., *much splashed with mud.*

Hans. Donder and blitzen, vot a blace to pring me to! Mine orse is up to his neg, he vill be lost.

Ger. Oh, no; nothing is ever lost that we leave in the bog. He'll stop when he gets to the bottom.

Hans. But he vill be smoder!

Ger. Barring that he has a touch of the duck in him, and can hould his breath hard, and dive a taste.

Hans. Splut, vat a vool you are!

Ger. It's not me's a fool—but the horse was a fool to put his fut in the soft place.

Hans. Pah! no orse but moste go down dere.

Ger. That shows how little you know about jography. I give you my honour, an Irish horse would have stept over that as clane as a new pin.

Hans. But dat *is* an Irish orse!

Ger. Do you tell me so?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Oh, then it's keeping company with them Jarman horses that has spylt him. It shows what evil companions will do.

Hans. Donderskind! den vy did you yourzelf zink in de mode?

Ger. Sure that was thrying to get you out, only for that I wouldn't be the figure I am, bad luck to it, my new clothes is ruined.

Hans. Your new glothes? Ha, ha, ha! dat is goot.

Ger. Why, being the fair day at the town, of course I put them on. Indeed, I was savin them up for Sundays and holidays, but I think I may take to wearing them out

now. You ought to thank this gentleman for helpin us. [*Pointing to Darby, who is up the stage.*

Hans. Dis is anoder shentlemans, I suppose ?—[*Aside.*] Mine Got, vaut a gountry!

Ger. To be sure he's a gintleman, when he behaved as sitch. And may be, sir, you'd be telling us would we be far from the castle of Ballygarth ?

Dar. You're not far off it now. As soon as you reach the next rising ground you'll see it before you—'tis the next estate to mine.

Hans. Your esdate! you ab an esdate? Ha, ha!

Ger. [*To Hans.*] I say, your honour, as you're a newcomer into the counthry, I'd recommend you to be civil to the genthry, for they are mighty high. This is a Member o' Parliament, though you would't think it.

Dar. This is a fine country, sir ?

Hans. Peautiful!—[*Aside.*] I vish I vas out of it.

Dar. This estate of mine is called Ballydraggle'um.

Hans. Goot name, dat Dragle'um; vat mean Bally ?

Ger. Oh, all the names here are poetical and descriptive. Bally signifies the pride of, and Draggle'um means bog, so Ballydraggle'um is the pride of the bog!

Hans. Vell, and mine gastle is Ballagarde: now vaut is dat ?

Ger. Why, garth is forest, so Ballygarth is the pride of the forest.

Hans. Oh, den, de gastle is build in a vaurest ?

Ger. Oh, a lovely forest as you would see in a summer's day.

Hans. Den de dimber vill be gut down very zoon. Ha, ha! dimbers is money!

Ger. Thrue for you, sir—timbers is money where wood is scarce, and you see all our timber here is made of bulrushes—but I think we had better be jogging, now, your honour.

Hans. But I gannot jog midout mine orse—vat vill I do midout mine orse ?

Ger. Oh, don't be afraid of losin' him, he can't run away out of where he is, and we'll find him when we're coming back.

Hans. But he vill be smoder.

Ger. [*To Darby.*] Arrah, then, sir, perhaps your honour

would be good enough to ordher your tinents to dig this gentleman's horse out of the bog, and send him after us to Ballygarth castle.

Dar. To be sure I will. [*Whistles. The men who are concealed rush out, and crowd round Hans and Gerald.*

Hans. [*Starting.*] Der tiefel! vere did all dese gome vrom?

Ger. Oh, tinants are quite spontaneous in Ireland.

Hans. Splut! did dey gome vrom de airth?

Ger. Sure didn't we all come from the earth.

Hans. [*Aside.*] I don't like dis zudden bopulation.—[*Aloud.*] Ve vill go on, if you bleaze.

Ger. Indeed, it's time to be jogging, I think myself. [*To Darby.*] Good bye, your honour, good bye, gintlemen, and when you've dug up the horse send him after us, and his honour here will reward you handsomely, and he'll do the same by me, I know, in regard of the cruel way my new clothes is spylt with that blackguard bog.—[*Aside.*] I say, take off your hat to the gintleman.

Hans. Nein! nein!

Ger. His honour, here, is very polite, sir, but his hat is so tight he can't get it on if he takes it off. Come on, sir, step light, for fear of another soft place.

[*Exeunt Hans and Gerald*, L.

Dar. Down, boys, and watch again, for the masther will have more work for us. [*The men crouch, and Darby follows Gerald and Hans, with a cautious look-out.*

SCENE II.—*The Priory of Tristernah.*

Enter PHELIM *and* AGATHA, *from door in flat.*

Phe. Now, Aggy, you understand?

Aga. To be sure I understand, do you think it's stupid I am? So, I am to go to the old castle?

Phe. Yes.

Aga. And pretend to be taking care of it!

Phe. Yes!

Aga. And make myself old and ugly?

Phe. You couldn't do that, Aggy?

Aga. Wait till awhile ago, and you'll see. [*Throws the hood of her cloak over her head, and assumes an old woman's voice.*] Well, your honour, it's three-score years and ten

since I came to the place; 'tis a long time, your honour. I am an old woman now, though I was once—young. [*Throws off hood.*] Will that do?

Phe. You make a capital old woman.

Aga. May be you'd rather have an old than a young one.

Phe. I'd like to begin with one young, she'd grow old in time.

Aga. Well, wait for her, then, and very good work for you.

Phe. Aggy, you're a rogue.

Aga. There's a pair of us, Phelim.

Phe. You saucy jade, you're up to every roguery; when you speak under that hood, one would fancy your nose and chin met.

Aga. But they don't, you see: neither my nose nor my chin is in the way of my mouth.

Phe. I'll try that, Aggy. [*Kisses her.*

Aga. [*Slaps Phelim's face.*] You impudent fellow!

[*Exit,* L.

Friar. Fie! fie!

Aga. [*Aside.*] Bless me, he saw us!

Friar. Daughter, for shame!

Aga. He's my cousin, your reverence, who's going away, and I don't know when I may see him again.

Friar. Daughter, thy salutation savoured more of affection than relationship.

Aga. We're both of affectionate natures, sir.

[*Convent bell sounds,* L.

Friar. 'Tis the convent bell—'tis fitter you were at vespers, than at such leave-taking. If I were your father confessor, I would make you perform a penance.

[*Exit,* D. F.

Aga. You my father confessor, indeed! I wouldn't have such an ugly father confessor as that, if I was obliged to go to the next parish for another; and his impudence, too—convent bell, indeed, just as if nobody kissed a girl before. Convent bell, to be sure! I can tell you, my old gentleman, there's a story of one of your novices of

Tristernah here, and I could let you know what became of his minding the convent bell—if I dare.

SONG.—Agatha.

There once was a novice, as I've heard tell,
A novice of some renown;
Whose raven hair in ringlets fell,
O'er his yet unshaven crown.
But his vows as yet he had never said,
Except to a blue-eyed blooming maid.
And she had never confessed till now,
To that novice who yet had not made a vow;
So pious she grew, that early and late
She was tapping alone at the convent gate.
And so often she went her sins to tell,
That the villagers called her the *Convent Belle*.
Ding dong,
My song,
My song's of a Convent Belle.

The novice continued the maid to hear,
And swiftly the months flew round;
He had nearly passed his trial year,
Before he was guilty found.
But then suspicion began to spread,
So the cowl he cast from his curly head;
The maiden he wedded next morning tide,
And his penitent pale was his blooming bride.
The Prior he stormed at the bridegroom meek,
Who answered him fast with a smile on his cheek,
"Good father, indeed I have acted well,
I was only *ringing* the *Convent Belle*."
Ding dong,
My song,
My song's of a Convent Belle. [*Exit Agatha*, R.

Scene III.—*Dusk.—A ruined Castellated House, greater part of the roof gone—the mullions of the windows broken—part of the walls fallen.—A window* R. U. E.—*the stage opens at the back with staircase—broken balusters—a table and rushlight upon it.*

Enter Gerald *and* Hans *up the trap at the back.*

Ger. There's an illigant place for you.

Hans. [*Horrified.*] Vaut a blace!

Ger. I thought you'd be astonished?

Hans. Ze I am!

Ger. Isn't that an illigant castle? and you see they have been expecting you, for they've got up an illumination. [*Points to rushlight.*

Hans. [*Abstractedly.*] Midout a vall, midout a roof, midout a vindher! Zappermint!

Ger. It's a fine airy house, and nothing to interrupt the view from it.

Hans. Splut! noting inteet. Vy, you vool, you tell me dis vas build in a vaurest.

Ger. And so it *was* built in a forest, but that's a long time ago, for this is a fine, ould, anshint place, as you may see; none o' your dirty, little, upstart places, but the rale respectable antiquity.

Hans. But you tell me dere vas voots.

Ger. And so there was—but woods won't last for ever.

Hans. Splut! I dought I voot gut down de dimbers.

Ger. Ay, and that was very cute of you, but there was a janius in the family who thought of that before you, and that's the way, in my own beautiful art of poethry, that the janiuses who goes before us, is taking dirty advantages of us, and sayin' the things we wor goin' to say, only they said them before; in short, takin' the bread out of our mouths.

Hans. Not in dis gountry.

Ger. Why not?

Hans. Because I never see no pread in nopoty's mout nere: in dis gountry dey have notin' but botatoes!

Ger. And the finest thing under heaven is the same praties, exceptin' only the people that ates them!

Hans. I vouldn't lif in dis ouse not for notin'.

Ger. But remember, there is land along wid the house.

Hans. Ya! verachtig! and de lands is goot—eh?

Ger. Oh, beautiful! there is nigh hand two hundred acres of bog—that was a part of it I brought you over to-day.

Hans. Blitzen, I vis it vas burnt.

Ger. That's the use of it—it makes beautiful fire; and there's some wild rocks up beyant, where the goats get very nice pickin' if they're not particular.

Hans. Rocks and goats—bah?

Ger. Oh, that's what the lamb says—bah; not the goat—it wouldn't feed lambs, supposing you had them!

Hans. Donderskind! de ouse is empty.

Ger. Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant, any day in the year!

Hans. De shimbleys be all grooked.

Ger. No wondher—you'll be crooked yourself when you're half as ould as they are. Hallo, there!

Hans. Dat is a vine voice vor atin rost bif.

Ger. Hallo! are you comin here to-day at all?

Enter Agatha, l. 3*d* e.

Aga. Aye, aye, I'm coming.

Ger. Young woman!

Hans. [*Astonished.*] Young voomans?

Ger. Whist! to be sure—always say young woman to an ould one, and she'll be plazed with you.

Hans. Young voomans, how is all de vamily?

Aga. There were two killed this morning.

Hans. [*Aside.*] All de better vor me!—[*Aloud.*] Vaut is begone of de roof of de ouse.

Aga. We boiled it down for broth!

Ger. And picked the rafthers after; don't you see she's bothered, and it's the pigs they killed she's spaking of.

Hans. Bodder—vat is dat?

Ger. [*Points to his ears.*] Deaf—can't hear!

Aga. You're right enough; yes, yes. [*Points to her ears.*] I remember, you mean the last fellows we found trespassing on the grounds? We cut off their ears. Ha, ha, ha! that was a good joke. [*Agatha takes table to* c.

Hans. Vat a orrid voomans.

Ger. Yes, ma'am; don't mind her, yer honour, they are very polite to strangers, though they do sometimes have a little sport among themselves.

Hans. Sport to gut off a man's ears?

Ger. Do you know, then, I knew a man that had his ears cut off, and he said it was rather pleasant.

Hans. Bleasant?

Ger. Yes, indeed; he was a bad character, you see, and when his ears was cut off, he couldn't hear anything bad of himself.

Hans. [*Aside.*] Gut off his ears—I don't like dis gountry!

Ger. The ould woman says she'll give us something to ate.

Hans. I vould loike someting to ate, vor I am ztarving.

Aga. What would you like to eat?

Hans. You can vry a beit o' big!

Aga. They were all planted last spring.

Ger. You forget she's deaf. [*Speaks loud.*] Have you a rasher of bacon?

Aga. Bacon? Oh, no—no—no—we can't be extravagant now, since the last lord died. But I'll examine the larder, and see what I can do for you.

[*Exit down the stage.*

Ger. I thought there was no pig, any how.

Hans. Vy don't dey kill de pigs?

Ger. Kill them, indeed! Why, man, would you be committin' suicide! Kill, indeed! no, no, they keep the pigs—

Hans. Vor vaut dey geep dem?

Ger. For ornament, to be sure!

Hans. But she vas talkin' about killin' de big dis morning.

Ger. That was braggin' only; she's an ould sarvant, and wishes to support the pride of the house.

Hans. If she could zupport de ouse itself, it vould be petters.

Ger. Indeed, the house might be betther:—I own that it's rather out of repair.

Hans. Vaut a blace to vall into mind ands.

Ger. You're just in time to catch it, I think—this would be a nice room for studying astronomy, for you might see the lovely luminaries without goin' out into the could at all.

Re-enter AGATHA, *with a dish of boiled potatoes and a herring, from trap.*

Aga. Here's something for your supper, and a seat.

Ger. My blessins on you! Could you lend us the loan of another stool?

Aga. Yes—yes. I'll bring it to you.

Ger. No, my darlin', I'll step down and bring it myself. [*Exeunt Agatha and Gerald,* R.

Hans. [*Draws up the table, lifts the dish upon it, and seats himself.*] Splut! noting but veesh—salt errin! Vell, bat as dis is—I vill begin to eat, vor I'm ztarvin'.

[*He is going to cut the herring, when Gerald comes in and stops him.*

Ger. Murther! Murther! What are you going to do, man?

Hans. To ate mine zupper!

Ger. Goin' to cut that fish? why, it is ruinin' the family entirely you'd be.

Hans. Ruin de vamily to ate von errin?

Ger. That herring has supported this family for the last six months.

Hans. Pooh! I'm not such a vool as dat.

Ger. It's thruth I'm tellin' you. The herrins was throubled with a scarceness last sayson, and so we must be savin' of the few we have of them, and only use them to give the praties a flavour.

Hans. A vlavour!—vaut is dat?

Ger. I'll shew you—here, [*Peels a potatoe, and Hans follows his example,*] take the eye out of the potatoe, and then it can't see what you're doing. [*Points a potatoe at the herring, and then eats.*] That's as fine a herring as ever I ate. Oh, that's nourishing, that's what we call potatoes and point, here!

Hans. Vy, vat goot is in pointin at de veesh?

Ger. Why, you imagine you're eating it all the time, and the herring never grows less for pointing at it.

Hans. Oh, dat is vera goot vor a boet! But I have naut imaginations!

Ger. Well, if you're a glutton, you may rub the pratie to it; but I warn you not to put your knife in that herrin', or it may be there will be a knife in you before long.

Hans. [*Rubs his potatoe to herring, and eats.*] Bah! I daste notin!

Ger. That shows you haven't a delicate taste, but when your palate becomes refined you'll enjoy it, and you'll never have the nightmare after it, for it's a nice light supper. [*Hands a bottle.*

Hans. [*Drinks.*] Dat is goot.

Ger. To be sure it is; for this is the house above all others, you ought to get good dhrink in; for it was through the dhrink the family went to decay. You see, the anchient owner of this place was a knight arriant.

Hans. Knight Arriant—vaut is dat?

Ger. Why, then, don't you know what a knight arriant is?

Hans. Nien!

Ger. That's no!—I know that much Dutch. I'd grow quite accomplished in your company. Well, I must tell you that a knight arriant is a man that goes about the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin' whatever he likes for himself; and that's a knight arriant—like yourself, indeed, sir. Well, he improved his property, by takin' every body else's that he could, and left a great heap o' land to his son; and a fine property it was; but, somehow or other, they never could live fast enough, and wor gettin in debt ever more—and so the property got worse and worse, till the last owner found that he was heir only to a thousand a-year.

Hans. A tousand a-year—eh! dat is goot.

Ger. Yes, but you see it was a thousand a-year, *that was spint.*

Hans. Oh, it vas spend!

Ger. Yes, and that made the man that owned it take to dhrink. I'd throuble you for that bottle, [*Drinks.*] and so the more he dhrank the better he liked it, which is only natural; and it made him forget his losses—for how could he remember anything bad, when he forgot himself? And so, to supply the dhrink, he began to cut down the timber.

Hans. I vish he did naut.

Ger. Indeed, it was a shame, seein' you wanted to do it yourself. But, as I was tellin' you, he grew fonder and fonder of the dhrop—and indeed it's a complaint common in Ireland yet; I'll take another gurlouge, if you please—[*Drinks*]—and dhrunk to that degree that he was for ever dhry; and the dhryer he got, the fasther went the timber, and at last all the woods was sowld for dhrink, so that, in fact, the timber was lost with a sort of dry rot.

[*Noise of many voices speaking, and a pistol shot is heard.*

Hans. Vaut is dat? [*Jumps up.—Ger. remains composed.*

Ger. Oh, it's only a parcel of the young people of the family enjoyin' themselves.

Hans. But I 'ear a shot.

Ger. To be sure—how could they kill one another without shooting—wait—I'll just step down and see what they're about. [*Gerald descends stairs.*

Hans. I like not moche dis. [*Great noise below.*] Dis beople zeem not goot beoples—did not like de beoples I met dis day in de pog. Sploot, dat pog! mine orse I naut get yet. Vish I vas upon him, and von goot roat unter him, vouldn't I put the zpurs in him! [*Noise.*] I dink I vill zee vat dey are about. [*Goes to the stairs.*] Dey are round de gorner, but dere zeem a great crowt. I loike not dis moche.

Re-enter Gerald *up the staircase.*

Ger. What are you lookin' out there for?

Hans. I vas only admirin' de brospect—bud, I zay, as dere is not much 'gomodation 'ere, I dink ve moight as vell go back again.

Ger. Whist! stay quiet a bit—don't be in a hurry, or you'll rise suspicions. There's my Lord Killstranger, and about twenty other blackguards, below, was axin' impudent questions about you—and who you wor—and what you came about, and so I gave them an evasive answer.

Hans. Vat call you 'vasive answer?

Ger. I tould them to go to the divil and wait till I came for them!

Hans. [*Very uneasy.*] I dink ve had petter go pack again!

Ger. Oh, don't be in a hurry, for these is quare people. You wor wondherin' about the roof being so bad—but I'll explain it to you. You see, the people about the castle stole the slates for to thatch their places; for you must know they are in the habit of burning one another's houses in these parts, and slates doesn't take fire so aisy as sthraw.

Hans. Dey burn de ouses, den?

Ger. Oh, only when they have nothing else to divart them;—but they never burn the people in them!

Hans. Ah! naut de beoples?

Ger. Oh, no—they wouldn't be so cruel as that; besides, is is betther sport to shoot them flying.

[*Noise below.*

Hans. Ve had petter go pack again.

Ger. I'm afeard they would suspect you of something bad, if you would be goin'—I wouldn't answer for your throat!

Hans. I am deir lantlor; dey vould not gut mine droat.

Ger. Wouldn't they?—'Faith they would—sooner than pay you your rent, I can tell you.—The last landlord of this place was no favourite, and he shut himself up, accordingly, and wouldn't open his door to man, woman, or child; but they were so determined to have him, that they climbed up the castle walls, tore the roof off the house to get at him, threw him out of the window, and he fell upon some pitch-forks which they had outside, ready for him.

Hans. [*Writhing in imagined agony.*] Oh, murter! murter!

Ger. You may say murdher, sure enough!—But the blackguards wos thried for it.

Hans. Oh, dey vos troid!

Ger. Oh, yes.

Hans. And hangt?

Ger. Why, they would have been—only that the jury was practical men themselves, and so they brought in a verdict of "accidental death."

Hans. Vill you naut gome along out of dis?

Ger. Why, I think you had better be off, for fear of accidents; but I must stay here to watch these blackguards.

Hans. But vaut zhall I do midout a kite?

Ger. I have put the ould woman up to it, and she is waitin' undher the window for you, and will lade you over the bog to the house of a dacent man, a friend o' mine, and he'll give you shelther, and I'll see you in the mornin'.

Hans. Goot vellow! goot vellow!—Bote how zhall I get out?

Ger. Out of the window, to be sure, for them vagabones is down stairs.

Hans. [*Looking down from window.*] I zhall break my neg!

Ger. Well, it's betther brake your neck than have your throat cut—here—I'll make an iligant laddher for you—[*Takes the blanket from the sheaf of straw that serves for a bed, and tears it,*]—here, tie this to your belt—and here's a rope—[*Unties his own rope girdle and joins it to blanket,*]—there's a nate bit o' carpenthers' work for you—now,

get out o' the window, and I'll slip you down as aisy as an oysther!

Hans. You are zure dere is no bitch-vorks!

Ger. If there is you'll feel them tickle you, and then whistle to me, and I'll pull you up—[*Hans gets out of window, and is supposed to fall. Gerald pulls in half the broken line—Hans roars.*] Run for your life—take care of the dog! [*Barking of dogs, squealing of pigs, and the roaring of Hans and Aggy outside, while Darby and Peasants run up the staircase, with lighted torches, which they flare out of the window, while they shout after Hans.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Darby and Peasants laugh.*] Well done, boys!—He's well frightened. Now, Darby, give him a quarter of an hour's law, and then keep up the hunt after him; Aggy will lead him round the bog to Ballygarth house, where I will be ready to receive him, and by the time he arrives there, if he's not tired of being an Irish landlord, I'll never brag of being an Irish guide. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

Dar. More luck to you, Masther Gerald; I wondher what hand he'll make of the furrine dragoon when he gets him over into Ballygarth; but no fear of the masther, long life to him; he's as brave as a lion, and as 'cute as a fox, and has the courage and wit of the ould counthry to hould his own yet;—so, never despair, boys. Phelim, your sowl, give us the tune to it.

SONG.—Phelim.

Oh, never despair, for our hopes oftentime,
Spring swiftly as flowers in a tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night,
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light.
The mariner marks, when the tempest sings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud!
Then up! up! never despair.

The leaves which the Sybil presented of old,
Though lessened in number were not worth less gold,
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the best,
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
Then up! up! never despair.

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood,
Though destruction around him in thunder was hurled,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world.

For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the storm
Then up! up! never despair.

[*Scene closes.*

Scene IV.—*The Heath.—Night.—Thunder, wind, and rain.*

Enter Agatha *and* Hans, r.

Hans. Donderskind!—vaught a night! Dis old vrow does not, I veer, know de vay;—I must ztay all night in dis pog!—I shall die! verachtig! I vish I never gome to dis gountry! [*Agatha sits down on a stone, and begins to cough.*] Splut! is she going to ztay here? I zay, old vomans, oh, I vorgot!—young vomans!

Aga. Yes, yes, I know—it is—I know the place well: it is Dead Man's Hole! [*Shouts outside.*

Hans. Goot vomans! meg haste!

Aga. No, you're wrong. The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Zappermint!—his botty vas vound—vill you get up, my bretty young vomans?

Aga. I will show the gibbet of three more that was hanged, when we come to Gallows-green!

Hans. Vaut a horrid gountry!—vaut names!—Dead Man's Hole!—Gibbets vor dree, and Gallows-green!—Mine dear vomans, vere is de ouse ve go to—de ouse!

Aga. Oh! the house!—ah, it's not more than half-a-mile;—there—look!

Hans. [*Starting.*] Vaut is it?

Aga. Oh, don't be afraid; you thought that was the light which they say the murdered gauger goes about with, looking for his head that was cut off.

Hans. [*Aside.*] De orrid old vrow! she vill not get on!

Aga. No: that light you see is in the house we are going to.

Hans. Dat loight is in de ouse? [*Shouts outside.*

Aga. Yes.

Hans. Den, I vill ron vor it. [*Exit, running,* l.

Aga. Stay!—don't leave me to be murdered! [*Throws off her hood, and changes her voice.*] Ha, ha, ha! he's in a precious fright! he can't miss the light, and now I must get in before him through the back avenue.

Enter Darby *and Peasants.*

Dar. Hollo! are you here, Aggy?

Aga. Ha, ha! don't you see I am.

Dar. And where is the furriner of a villain we are huntin'?

Aga. Oh, the poor devil—ha, ha, ha! I've been telling him such stories!

Dar. But where is he?

Aga. He ran away, and wouldn't wait for me when he heard you close after him.

Dar. Then we must pursue him to the house.

Aga. Stop! not too fast: he can't miss the house now, for the light is ready burning in the window to lead him: you'll only frighten him off the road if you run him too hard; but keep up the phillilew after him for the fun of the thing. [*Exeunt omnes, shouting* "Follow! follow!"

Scene V.—*The Interior of Ballygarth, same as first scene, first act.*

Enter Magdalene *and* Dillon, L.

Dil. You are rather surprised to see me here!

Mag. Dear Dillon, how kind to be the bearer of these good tidings yourself.

Dil. I tell you, this English colonel interests himself deeply in Gerald's welfare; so let my friend be of good cheer, and not take any desperate step; for, though the forfeiture of the estate be certain,—

Mag. No matter! Hard though it be to lose wealth, what is that in comparison with life. My Gerald is safe, you think?

Dil. I hope so; and I would not lose the pleasure of being the bearer of the intelligence myself. You told him this good news when you ran away from me just now?

Mag. Yes; how could I keep it from him? He will be here in a moment, he has been changing his dress.

Enter Gerald *in his former dress,* L.

Ger. Welcome, Dillon; good and kind friend that you are:—so, life is safe?

Dil. I can scarcely doubt it, from the interest Colonel Chesham takes in your favour.

Mag. And that is all I care for.

Dil. But the property, my dear friend, I am sorry to say, must change hands.

Ger. And I am happy to say, I hope it will.

Dil. What mean you?

Ger. Why, at present, whose property, by legal right, is it?

Dil. Why, truly, though you are here in possession, the property is the right of Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. And thereupon, I say, I hope it will soon change hands; and I have been employed all day in getting him into a proper state of mind to that end: I have given him, in the first place, a specimen of an Irish guide, that he will never desire to follow; a short cut, that he will remember long. I have shown him, that it is easier to have a keep to a castle than a castle to keep; that though it is very well to have tenants at will, 'tis the devil to have tenants against their will; that bogs are not suited to cavalry movements; that murders are more plenty than blackberries; that manslaughter and arson are the common amusements of the people; in short, that Ireland is the finest country under the sun *to live out of!* and after that, I think he will be inclined to sell his property a bargain.

Dil. Well, I hope you can bring him to a sale.

Ger. Bring him!—why, I am driving him to market this minute. My boys are hunting him here, even now;—I expect him every moment.

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aga. Oh, I am half-dead, scampering over that bog. He's coming, sir.

Ger. You frightened him well, I hope?

Aga. I haven't spoken a word under manslaughter, for the last half-hour.

Ger. Well done, Aggy! [*Loud knocking and shouts,* L.] Ho! you are come, my boy!—now to frighten him a little more. [*Knocking. Gerald takes up a gun, throws up the window, and fires.*] Take that, you blackguards!

Hans. [*Outside.*] Murter! murter?

Ger. Is it coming again you are, you villains, to break open my house?—Dennis, hillo! bring me more blunderbusses!

Hans. [*Outside.*] No! no! don't zhoot me! I'm not a ropper.

Ger. Hollo! is that my Dutch friend?

Hans. Ya! ya! open de toor, vor de loaf of 'eaven! [*Shouts outside.*

Ger. Oh, they are hunting you, I see.

Hans. Ya! ya! open de tore!

Ger. Open the door! 'tis more than our lives are worth; but here, Dennis, bring the rope that we come up stairs at night with.

Enter SERVANT *with rope, which Gerald lowers from the window.*

Make yourself fast to that, and we'll drag you in. [*Shouts outside.*

Hans. Make hase! make hase!

Ger. Come along, then. [*Dillon, Gerald, and Servants drag up Hans, through window: he is in a woeful plight; at that moment a gun fired at him, and shouts.*] I hope I didn't hurt you when I fired?

Hans. Nien! I'm so glad you did miss me.

Ger. I'll be glad to miss you every day in the year. [*Hans sinks into a chair.*] You seem a little tired; here, take a cup of wine. [*Hans drinks.*] But how did all this happen?

Hans. Vy, I gome down here vor mine esdate.

Ger. I congratulate you; what's the name of it?

Hans. Ballagarde.

Ger. We shall be neighbours, then?

Hans. Nien! nien! I vould not ztop in dis gountry not vor notin!

Ger. Pooh! pooh! don't be prejudiced in a hurry; that estate is a very nice bit o' bog to live upon.

Hans. If dey vould let you lif.

Ger. Why, there's something in that, certainly; and I must own, that estate of yours has been rather unlucky to the people who have held it; the last owner—but I won't make you uneasy.

Hans. Oh, I know—I know—de bitchvorks—

Ger. Oh, you heard of it, then?

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Well, perhaps you'll have more luck with the property, and I'm sure I wish you life to enjoy it; and don't despise it because it's a bog; for you may reclaim very good land out of bog, if you'll only sink a little property in it.

Hans. But I aff zunk mine broperty in it.

Ger. Well, you have lost no time.

Hans. But I have lost mine orse!

Ger. Well, that's improving neither to the horse nor the bog; how deep was he when you left him?

Hans. Up to de neg.

Ger. Faith, then, that horse is digging turf, by this time, about twenty feet deep!

Hans. And vaut am I to do? I gannot get back midout an orse—Donderskind! but I vould gif mine esdate vor noting more dan an orse, dis minute!

Ger. A dragoon without a horse, is like a parson without a church; so, take a horse out of my stable, and send him back when you get to Dublin.

Hans. Dank you! dank you, my vriend! but look, gif me de voight orse you ride yesterday, and dere—[*Produces folded parchment,*]—dere is de depenture of mine esdate.

Dil. Do, Gerald, do—I'll draw up an assignment.—[*Takes the debenture, goes over to the table, and writes.*

Ger. No, no—my white horse, indeed? you've a good taste in horse-flesh, I see! I wouldn't give my white horse for three such estates!

Hans. But it's a noice pit o' pog!

Ger. Pooh!

Hans. And a goot ouse!

Ger. A ruin!

Hans. Only a little out of rebair; and if you zink a little broperty in de pog—

Ger. I will never sink my horse in it, sir, as you did yours: that white horse of mine, sir, can go!

Hans. Vell, let him go vor de esdate!

Ger. The finest charger in Ireland.

Hans. Vell, charge him on de esdate.

Ger. Come, you've said a smart thing, for once in your

life, and, for the sake of the joke, I have a mind to let you have him.

Dil. Here is the assignment.

Hans. Goot, goot—Den I vill put my zynment to it.

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse, I can tell you. [*To Hans.*

Hans. Ah, you have got von vine broperty vor him.

[*Hans goes to table and writes—Magdalene watches him with interest—hands pen to Gerald.*

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse.

Hans. Gome! gome! [*Puts pen in his hand,*] you zign, you zign—you bromise me de orse.

Ger. Well, I must not break my promise; [*Signs.*] there, you have got the finest horse in Ireland!

Hans. [*Exulting.*] Ha! donder and blitzen, dat is goot! ha, ha, ha!

Ger. [*Locks up the assignment and debenture in box.*] Ha, ha, ha! This it a funny affair altogether! well, business being over, we'll drink a cup of wine, and wish each other good luck with our bargains.

Hans. Ya! mid all my heart. [*They fill and drink.*] I vill be glad to get out of dis place, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. Ha, ha!—Yes, and I'm glad to stay in it; so we are both pleased. [*Knocking.*] What, more visitors! [*Goes to the window.*] Who's there?

Chesh. [*Outside.*] Colonel Chesham!

Ger. Welcome, Colonel;—open the door, there, to the Colonel.

Hans. You dell me you vas avraid to oben de tore.

Ger. Oh, the country is much more peaceable within the last five minutes.

Enter Colonel Chesham, L.

Welcome, Colonel!

Enter Agatha *and* Phelim.

Chesh. I rejoice to see you, sir, and am glad to be the bearer of good tidings; [*Hands a paper,*] here is a free pardon for you. [*Gerald hands paper to Magdalene, and embraces her.*] What! you here, Major Mansfeldt?

Hans. Ya! dat is me—Oh, I vas near gilt zince I zee you, by dem rascal reppels; but I vill go avay, now, mid

you, dat I have got von orse.—[*Aside.*] I have done him out of his voight orse;—ha, ha!—zuch a peauty!

Ger. Thanks, Colonel, for your kind interference in my favour. This precious bit of paper secures me life: and Major Mansfeldt, I am happy to say, has behaved very liberally, and sold me the property for a trifle.

Ches. Give me your hand, Mansfeldt; I shall ever respect you for this. [*Shakes hands with Mansfeldt, then turns to Pepper.*] Strange chance, sir, that the men you saved yesterday should have power to benefit you to-day. I have interceded for your life; the Major has restored your property, and now, Master Pepper—

Hans. Bepper! vaut, are you Bepper?

Ger. I'm only one of the Peppers; for, you know [*In the manner of Rafferty*], there is White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Ground Pepper, Pepper-Corn, and Little Ginger.

Hans. Donderskind! den dis is Ballagarde, I zuppose?

Ger. It is Ballygarth, sir, where I am happy to welcome you, once more, as the master.

Hans. Colonel, I am shated; my depenture is roppet out of me, and is in dat pox, dat small pox.

Ger. It is in the small pox, as you say, and, you know, it is very hard to recover out of the small pox. Colonel, in seeking by stratagem to recover what selfishness and injustice would have robbed my children of, I trust you do not blame me?

Chesh. Far from it, sir; where is that paper?

Dil. [*Hands it from box.*] Here, Colonel.

Hans. Give it to me.

Chesh. No, sir, give it to me. As the representative of their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeiture in this district, my signature is necessary;—the Major and myself owe you something for the preservation of our lives. I am glad to see the major has not forgotten his share of the obligation; for myself, I feel great pride in doing an act of justice to a generous man; I therefore ratify the contract with my signature; [*Signs.*] there, sir. [*Giving paper to Gerald.*

Hans. Dey make a vool of me, Colonel!

Aga. [*As the old woman.*] The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Oh, you are de d—d old vrow! Dey zhow me von empty ouse!

Ger. By which I have verified the proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant; but I hope, dear Magdalene, our friends will not turn the proverb against us; for I trust we shall always have a full house at Ballygarth, and that the White Horse will be allowed to run for many a day!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

DIL. MAG. GER. CHESH. HANS AGA. PHE. R.] [L

THE END.

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